

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

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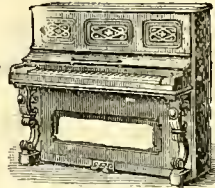
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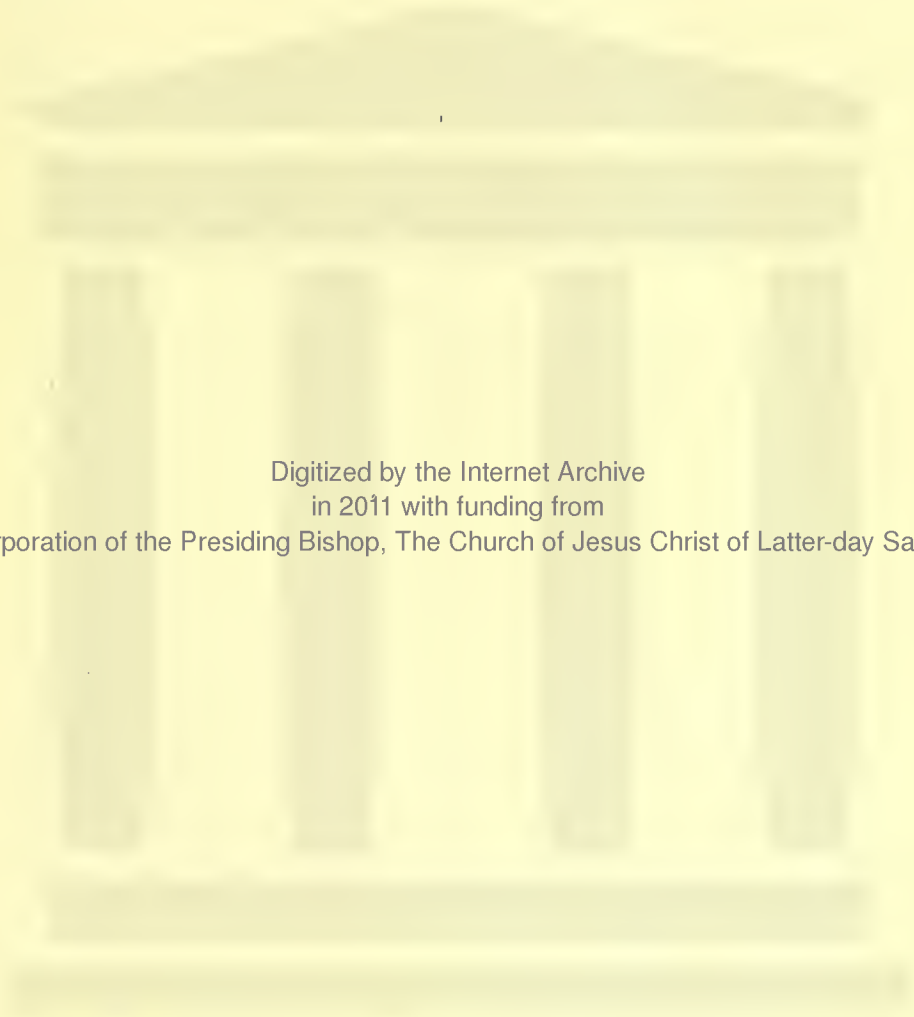
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APOSTLE MATTHIAS F. COWLEY.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1900.

No. 22.

LIVES OF OUR LEADERS—THE APOSTLES.

MATTHIAS F. COWLEY.

MATTHIAS F. COWLEY was called to the apostleship and sustained by the general conference of the Church, on October 5, and was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, on October 7, 1897. He is a genuine American, and one of Utah's sons. He was born on the 25th day of August, 1858, just after the return of his parents from Springville, whither they had gone during the "Move."

His father was Matthias Cowley, of Celtic descent, who emigrated from the Isle of Man with his parents, to Nauvoo, in 1843. His mother was Sarah Elizabeth Foss, a native of the State of Maine.

Matthias F.'s parents, as well as grandparents on both sides of the house, embraced the Gospel, and became members of the Church. At the time of the Nauvoo martyrdom, Matthias, the elder, then thirteen years of age, was a resident of Warsaw, Illinois; after the exodus, he went to St. Louis to aid in earning means for the emigration of the family to the mountains. At the age of fifteen years, he learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Missouri Republican*, subsequently laboring in the office of the *Frontier Guardian*, Kanessville, under Elder Orson Hyde. He emigrated to Salt Lake City in 1852, where he married Miss Foss, in 1857. His wife, Apostle Cowley's mother, early taught school in her native State. She con-

tinued in this vocation until her parents and other members of the family, who with her had embraced the Gospel through the missionary efforts of Apostle Wilford Woodruff and John F. Boynton, emigrated to Utah in 1850.

Apostle Cowley was the first child of four in the marriage. In 1864, the elder Cowley died. His wife, some years after, married the well known early civil engineer Jesse W. Fox, who thus became the foster-father of the boy. The future Apostle assisted the noted surveyor in his labors on the Utah Southern railway (now the branch of the Oregon Short Line south of Salt Lake City) for seven summers. In the winter season, he attended the Deseret (now Utah) University; his early education was obtained from his mother, who, after the death of her first husband, devoted herself to her early profession to support her family. His education, therefore, was obtained piecemeal, for he never attended school an entire year successively. But notwithstanding his school years were thus broken into by work, he advanced to the study of algebra and geometry, achieving more than ordinary success in these and other studies. His mother was desirous that he should learn a trade or profession, but circumstances, aided by indifference on his part and a fervent desire in his mind to study the Scriptures, stood in the way of the ful-

fillment of his mother's desires, and both trade and profession were abandoned.

This inborn desire towards the study of religion is characteristic of Apostle Cowley. It is natural for some men to make money; but he has been endowed with the missionary spirit; his natural work is to make converts to the cause of God. One of several incidents illustrating this tendency may be related to show the value of odd moments. While in the surveying field, the wait for the transit man to change his position was improved by him in reading the Bible. He possessed, as a dear treasure, an old Bible which his father had used while on a mission in England. This he carried in his coat pocket and read at the intervals stated, snatching a few minutes to con a chapter, more or less, according to the time at his disposal. He has a retentive memory which aids him greatly to interest his audiences, and he early placed it to the test by memorizing at odd moments many Scripture passages. At the expiration of his second mission in the Southern States, he, with Elder John W. Taylor, had memorized well-nigh four hundred Bible verses, and that in a systematic way, all bearing upon the Gospel and especially upon its first principles.

Apostle Cowley has grown naturally and steadily to the position he now occupies in the Church. He was blessed when eight days old, by Apostle Orson Hyde, assisted by his own father. On the 1st of November, 1866, he was baptized by Elder Samuel R. Turnbow, and confirmed by Bishop Abraham Hoagland. In October, 1874, he was ordained a Deacon and a Teacher, serving in these capacities for a number of years. On December 28, of the same year, he was ordained an Elder, and received his endowments. In April, 1875, he was chosen counselor to Edward Davis over the first quorum of Elders, serving in this office with Elder Russell and subsequently with Elder John W. Taylor, his youthful companion and bosom friend. He served as collector for his quorum, at the time when the quorums donated for the erec-

tion of the Salt Lake Temple. He acted as ward Teacher almost continuously, from October, 1874, to February 24, 1878, at which time he was called upon his first mission to the Southern States. He had no sooner returned from this mission than in the course of six months, he was again called to the same field, and returned from his second mission in July, 1882.

Prior to his departure on his second mission, he was, on motion of Apostle Wilford Woodruff, ordained a Seventy by President Joseph Young. When he returned home in 1882, he became identified with the *Contributor*, published by Elder Junius F. Wells in the interest of the M. I. A., and was called on a mission to travel for it, and to preach to the young people at home. In this capacity he visited the ten stakes of Zion, holding meetings in nearly every ward thereof. His mission marked a revival of interest in the cause for which he was laboring, and his administrations, accompanied by a rich flow of the Spirit of God, resulted in great good to the large audiences who crowded to hear him. He increased the circulation of the magazine to over four thousand copies, revived the lagging interest in the associations, and practically introduced himself to the Latter-day Saints. Thousands will remember with what force and spirit he proclaimed to the young people the first principles of the Gospel.

For a short interval, he was engaged as clerk in the city recorder's office of Salt Lake City, under Hon. John T. Caine and Gov. Heber M. Wells, and in the winter of 1883-4, he acted as chaplain in the House of the Utah Legislature. On the day the Logan Temple was opened for endowments, May 21, 1884, Elder Cowley was married to Miss Abbie Hyde. On October 25, of the same year, he was ordained a High Priest, by Apostle Francis M. Lyman, and chosen and sustained as the superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Oneida stake, Idaho. He traveled extensively among the seventeen wards of the stake, laboring with zeal in the cause for three years. When

President George C. Parkinson, in 1887, was chosen stake president, Elder Cowley was made his second counselor, in which position he served for ten years until called to the apostleship. It was while he was still acting in this capacity, that he was called to accompany Elder Edward Stevenson to open the Northwestern States Mission, comprising Montana, Washington, Northern Idaho and Oregon. He spent about four months in this field, visiting the States named, but spending most of the time in the first named, where thirty-nine souls were baptized. Their labors resulted in the establishment of a permanent mission, in which nearly eighty Elders are now laboring, and in which many souls have been baptized. Within three weeks of his ordination as an Apostle, he was called to accompany Apostle F. M. Lyman to the Southern States Mission, in which, with President Elias S. Kimball, they visited every conference, giving choice instructions to the people and to the five hundred Elders from Zion then in the field. From thence, they proceeded to Brooklyn, visiting the Eastern States Mission, and visiting points of historic interest in Philadelphia, New York and Washington. While in the latter place, they were introduced by Hon. W. H. King to President McKinley, who received them very cordially and mentioned with pleasure his visit to Salt Lake City. Returning from this mission, Apostle Cowley has been constantly traveling in the interest of the Church, having visited many stakes of Zion. He has lifted his voice in testifying to the mission of Christ, and borne testimony to the restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, in thirty-three States and Territories of the Union.

Apostle Cowley is unpretentious in his demeanor, and the spirit of humility that accompanies his administrations draws the hearts of the people to him. He has laid a foundation upon which the strength of his growing manhood, aided by the Lord, will find no trouble in building a superstructure of finished excellence and worth. His ser-

mons, deliberate, sound and spoken from the heart, are full of force and effectiveness. The simplicity and earnestness of his soul make him a strong advocate with the Father, and endear him in the hearts of the people. He is naturally and wholly spiritual-minded, and finds pleasure in the contemplation of those higher principles of man's being that lift the soul from the material to things divine.

There are many incidents on record showing that the inspiration of God to his servants foreshadowed Elder Cowley's course. Thus, on July 5, 1876, a patriarchal blessing was bestowed upon him by William McBride, in which it was predicted that he would soon be called into the ministry, and would «travel much for the Gospel's sake, both by sea and by land, even unto the ends of the earth.»

This prediction was further corroborated in a blessing given him by Patriarch John Smith prior to Elder Cowley's departure for his mission to the Southern States. In this blessing were many other predictions concerning his life which have been literally fulfilled.

In a meeting of the Aaronic Priesthood, held in the 14th Ward of Salt Lake City, also prior to his departure for the South on a mission, Elder Cowley was blessed by Bishop Thomas Taylor who prophesied that since he had been faithful at home, the Lord would exceedingly bless him abroad. People would have dreams of his coming, and be prepared to receive him.

When set apart for his mission to Montana, Apostle F. M. Lyman promised him that with his companion, he should have influence with prominent men whom they would meet in their travels.

In Elder Cowley's call to the apostleship, a prophecy was fulfilled uttered by Elder John W. Taylor, in a letter written to St. Louis to the former from Kentucky, March 19, 1882, in which Elder Taylor wrote: «If you are faithful, the day will come when you will become one of the Twelve Apostles of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world."

President Joseph Young, when ordaining him to the office of Seventy, said: "Your name corresponds to that of an Apostle of old, and you shall perform a similar mission."

Apostle Cowley has lived to prove worthy of the fulfillment of all of these predictions in his life, and the lesson which he has drawn from them, and which all may gather, is that God recognizes the promises made to His Saints through His accredited servants.

During his first mission, Bishop Taylor's prediction that he should find a people prepared to receive him, was literally fulfilled. He was appointed to labor in Virginia, and it was in Tazewell, Bland and Smith counties where he found such a people, chiefly young men and women whose parents and grandparents had heard the Gospel preached by Elder Jedediah M. Grant, in 1840. Some had embraced it, many others had become lifelong friends, and the seeds sown by Elder Grant had borne fruits in the hearts of children and grandchildren one and two generations later. In two years, Elders Cowley and Barnett, and four other Elders, who were present only a short time of the two years, performed one hundred and fourteen baptisms in that field. Many children were blessed, and hundreds of people heard the testimony that the Gospel is again restored to earth by holy angels.

The promise to him by Apostle Lyman was literally fulfilled, but notably in Montana where he and his companion were received by Governor Richards with the utmost hospitality. Before their leaving Helena, the Governor gave them a letter of commendation to the people of the State, affirming their sincerity and honesty.

In one of those lonely nights that come to all missionaries, Elder Cowley on his first mission dreamed twice of being home before the right time. He says that the horrors which he experienced in these dreams, were

such as to keep him ever after constantly contented in the missionary field. It was in one of these dreams, that he met President John Taylor, who said to him: "Well, you are home, are you? You may prepare to go to Georgia now." Here, also, was a prophecy, for, strange to say, although Elder Cowley did not return until after the expiration of his mission of twenty-seven months, he was soon called, as we have seen, to return to the South, and this time was appointed by President John Morgan to travel with Elder John W. Taylor in Georgia.

Prior to his journey to Georgia, he was appointed to conduct a company of Saints from the Southern States to southern Colorado. Several bodies of Saints came together from Virginia, Georgia and Alabama, at Chattanooga, Tenn., which was the central starting point. At Huntington, Tenn., the company was joined by fifty-seven souls, men, women and children, from Henderson County, of the same State. These were the converts of the mysterious preacher, Robert Edge, who preached the first principles of the Gospel, healing, the millennium, etc., as taught by the Saints, but who would not officiate in any of the ordinances. He said this authority, however, to officiate was upon the earth. The similarity between his teachings and those of the Elders, led his converts, whom he denied baptism, to send for the Elders. The people investigated, were convinced of the truths of the Gospel, and were subsequently baptized by Elders George Carver and Hyrum Belnap. The company numbered, with additions from Mississippi, brought to Columbus, Kentucky, by Elder John M. Gibson, one hundred and seventeen souls, and arrived in Manassa about the 20th of November, 1880.

Returning eastward, he was met in St. Louis by Elder John W. Taylor, whence they proceeded to west Georgia, laboring four months in a new district. Thence they went to the northern part of the State, laboring afterwards in St. Louis with Elder George C. Parkinson. Here they hired a hall, and held

regular meetings which were advertised in the papers, among which was the *St. Louis Republican*, in the office of which his father had labored some thirty years before to obtain means to help himself and parents to emigrate to Utah. While in this city, Elder Cowley wrote several articles for the papers, defending the Saints and explaining the principles of the Gospel.

He took a company of Saints to Manassa, Colo., in the spring of 1882, and it was on his return east with President John Morgan, that he called on David Whitmer, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon, and heard that man's testimony that he had seen an angel and handled the plates upon which were the sacred writings, which testimony David Whitmer maintained without variation or modification to the end of his days.

Apostle Cowley is an energetic worker in the mission field, and the Saints where he has labored are greatly attached to him because of his plain manner, his simplicity and open-heartedness. His energy has even increased, in his missionary labors at home, since his call to his present exalted station, and his value as a laborer in the cause of God will become more apparent as the years roll by. The gifts of the Gospel are enjoyed by him,

while the power of the Spirit of God is richly manifest in his administrations among the people. What man could be more child-like in simplicity, yet strong in faith, than one who could go before the Lord as Elder Cowley did, as related in the following incident? On one occasion while on his mission, Elder Cowley asked the Lord for a pair of shoes. Shortly thereafter a man handed him a dollar, saying that an elderly lady, Sister Jane Richardson, had sent it to assist him to purchase shoes. The next day, a shoemaker informed him that he had made a pair of shoes for himself, but, strange to say, they would not fit. He had never missed fitting himself before. He then proffered to let Brother Cowley have them. The shoes fitted his feet as if made for them. Thus was the prayer of faith answered, and no burden was placed upon the Saints.

With short, well-knit frame, indicating physical strength; with robust health, a clear spiritual discernment, abiding love for the people, an Israelite without guile, Apostle Cowley stands upon the threshold of a career which gives promise of great activity and results for good, for the glory and advancement of the kingdom of God.

Edward H. Anderson.



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

NO sweeter story was ever written than the story of Joseph, the beloved son of Jacob, as it appears in the first book of the good old Bible. The interest in it begins in the sketch of his great-grandfather Abraham, the father of the faithful—the righteous man who, as all our readers will remember, trusted the Lord so implicitly and was so obedient to Him, that he even prepared to offer up as

a sacrifice his darling son Isaac, the child of his old age. This interest increases as we read along and come to the part which tells of the selection of a wife for this son Isaac; how Abraham did not want his son to marry a daughter of the Canaanites, but desired for a daughter-in-law a woman from his own country and his own kindred; how his trusted servant went with his ten camels and his



JOSEPH'S DREAM.

presents to search for such a woman, and found one in the person of the fair and comely Rebekah, who not only gave him a drink from her pitcher but drew water from the well for his camels also; how this servant performed his master's errand so faithfully and so promptly that the very next day, with the consent of the girl and her brother and her father, she set out on the return journey with him; and how she met the prospective husband as he came out to meet the returning party, became his wife, was loved by him, and comforted him after his mother's death. Then the birth of Rebekah's twins, Esau and Jacob, and their boyhood: the mother's love for Jacob, and the latter's hard bargain with his brother, buying the birthright with a mess of pottage; the blessing upon the heads of the two sons by the aged and dim-eyed father, when the fond mother by artifice managed to obtain for her favorite the greater blessing; Jacob's depar-

ture for the home of his mother's relatives, in search of a wife; his wooing of Rachel, his patient service with her father before he won her, having to accept first her tender-eyed sister, her giving birth to Joseph and then Benjamin—all this is familiar to every reader.

Then we come to Joseph's own life. Beloved by his father more than all the other children, he received from him a coat of many colors, and from his brothers jealousy and hatred. His two dreams and their plain meaning angered them still more; for when he told them how his sheaf arose and their sheaves made obeisance to it, and how also the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to him, they were filled with envy and hate. An opportunity soon after presenting itself, they began to plot mischief against the "dreamer," and would probably have killed him had not his brother Reuben prevented. At his suggestion the boy was

stripped of his coat of many colors, and he was cast into a pit; from which, however, he was taken upon the advice of another brother, Judah, and sold for twenty pieces of silver to a party of traveling merchants. By these merchants he was taken down to Egypt, and sold to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard. He found such favor in the eyes of his master, and performed his duty so well, that he became overseer in Potiphar's house and over all that he had, and he was greatly prospered. But having given offense to his master's wife by refusing to commit sin with her, he was falsely accused by her and was thrust into prison.

If Joseph was himself a dreamer, he also had the gift of interpreting dreams, and this brought about his deliverance from prison in a very singular manner. Two of his fellow-prisoners were the chief butler and the chief baker of the king. Each of these had a peculiar dream the same night, and both were

worried next morning because "there was no interpreter." But when they told their dreams to Joseph he immediately gave them the interpretation, and this was exactly verified within three days. Two years later, when Pharaoh himself had a remarkable dream which troubled him greatly, and which was beyond the power of his magicians and wise men to interpret, his chief butler, the

former prisoner, suddenly remembered Joseph and told the king about him. Pharaoh sent for him, and narrated his dream. He said he seemed to stand on the bank of the river, and there came up out of the river seven fat and well-favored kine, or cattle, which went to feeding in a meadow; after them came seven other kine, poor and lean, which ate up the fat ones, but remained still as poor and lean as before. Then he awoke, but again saw in a dream seven ears come up in one stalk, full and good, and after them sprang up seven withered, thin and blasted ears, and these devoured the good ears.

Joseph had previously told the king that the power of interpretation was not of himself, but that God would give Pharaoh an answer of peace. So, when he heard the king's narrative, he replied that the dream was one, and that God had showed what He was about to do. The seven kine and the seven ears he declared were seven years; the fat kine and the full ears in-

dicating years of great plenty in the land of Egypt, and the lean kine and the thin ears indicating years of grievous famine which should follow and consume the previous plenty. He added to this interpretation the warning that the king choose a wise man and other officers to gather up the plenty and store it for use during the famine that would surely come. The advice was accepted



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BROTHERS.



JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

by the king, and he selected Joseph as a ruler of the land to perform this great work, making him second only to himself in power. He clothed him in fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck and his ring upon his hand, while the people cried before him, «Bow the knee.»

This was surely a wonderful change in the condition of the young Hebrew who had been so despised of his brethren and sold by them into slavery. Joseph's greatness grew with the years, however, and when the time of scarcity came as predicted, his store-houses were filled with grain, and from other countries (for the famine was general) came people to buy from Joseph. Among others came his own brothers, sent by their father Jacob, and they bowed before him as he had seen in his boyhood dream, though they knew him not. He questioned them somewhat roughly at first, and finally told them he would sell them corn provided they would leave one of their number as a hostage or

pledge that they would come again and bring their other brother, Joseph's younger and beloved brother Benjamin. They reluctantly consented to these hard terms; and behold, after they had started for home with their grain, they discovered each one his money in his sack—the money with which they had purchased the corn. In due time they were compelled to return again to Egypt, for the famine still continued, and this time they took young Benjamin with them. The aged father was very unwilling to let the boy go, for since the other son of his beloved Rachel was believed by him to be dead, he clung with even greater tenderness to his youngest born. But it was a case of necessity and at last he gave his consent. They took with them presents and a double portion of money, so as to be able to replace that which they paid before but which they had later found in their sacks again. When they arrived in Egypt, and Joseph became aware that they had brought Benjamin with

them, he ordered a feast prepared, and when they came before him, he was so moved at the meeting with his youngest brother that he had to get away from them and weep. He nevertheless asked as to the welfare of their father, and at the feast which he gave them he caused them much wonder by arranging their seats exactly in the order of their age; for up to this time they had not recognized him, and had no reason to think he knew them. Again when they had started for home with their load of corn he caused their money to be replaced in their sacks, and in addition thereto his silver cup to be put in Benjamin's sack; and when he



JOSEPH PROCLAIMED RULER.

caused them to be pursued the next day, under the pretense that they had rewarded his kindness with evil in having stolen from him, and when upon search being made the cup was found in Benjamin's sack, they were overcome with sorrow, for they believed it would result in Benjamin's being held as a prisoner, which would break their old father's heart.

We have not space here to give the details of the conversation that followed when they returned in sadness to Joseph, pleading for Benjamin. But at last he made himself known unto them, and then their happiness found expression in tears of joy. In these latter portions of the story are some of



JOSEPH PRESENTING HIS FATHER TO PHARAOH.

the most beautiful and pathetic passages in the Bible. In hasty conclusion of our narrative we may mention that later Jacob came also to visit his distinguished son, and at the age of one hundred and thirty years was presented to Pharaoh and blessed him. The family acquired a home and lands in Egypt; Joseph continued in power and wisdom; Jacob,

after pronouncing blessings upon his sons, was gathered to his fathers; and Joseph, at the age of one hundred and ten, himself died and «was put in a coffin in Egypt»—with which statement the book of Genesis ends. All this the reader can find for himself, and can peruse and re-peruse it with ever-increasing interest, pleasure and profit. C.



THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

HIS ORIGIN, HISTORY—NUMBER AT THE PRESENT TIME—HIS DESTINY.

«I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you;
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

«Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!»

Longfellow's «Hiawatha.»

one of them. Some have said they are of Jewish origin, others of Mongolian, and it is only recently that Ignatius Donnelly declared, in one of his celebrated books, that the Indians came from an ancient island known as the Atlantis, supposed by some to have existed in the Atlantic Ocean opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea. Every day some new theory is advanced, but it falls beneath the criticism of the morrow, because of some new scientific discovery. My object in this paper is simply to discuss a few of the best known theories as to the origin of the Indians, and then to show what the probable destiny of them is.

When the Spanish explorers and voyagers began their work of discovery and study in the new world, they naturally looked upon the Indians as descendants of Noah, through his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. One thing seems to be quite certain. Many tribes have retained in their traditions the story of the flood. Bancroft tells us that the Mattoles of California regard Taylor's Peak as the point that their fathers took refuge on at the time of a destructive flood. There are many flood myths among the Mexicans and Peruvians. Most of them are interesting, yet we cannot tell how much they have been perverted by the old Spanish priests

WHENCE came the Indians of North America has always been a most interesting subject to historians. From the time of Columbus to the present, however, it has proved a knotty question. A thousand and one different theories have been advanced, all more or less ludicrous, because of the almost absolute lack of proof for any

*This paper is based mostly on information derived from Bancroft's «Native Races.»

and monks. Among the Peruvians there is a legend to the effect that at one time the sun refused to shine for five days, and the earth was changed by a great deluge. At the time a good shepherd was tending his flock of llamas in the mountains, and noticing the seemingly depressed spirits of them he asked why it was. They answered that the earth was to be flooded, for yonder six stars in the heavens was a sign to that effect. The shepherd took the warning, and ascending a peak with his flock was no sooner there when the sea broke its bounds and the water rose higher and higher, until it encircled the mountain top. For five days clouds obscured the sun, all was darkness and despair. Then the sun broke forth from among the clouds, the waters subsided, and this good shepherd began his work of re-peopling the earth.

It may be possible that one can read in the following Iroquois myth a reference to the re-peopling of the earth:

«In the great past, deep water covered the earth. The air was filled with birds, and great monsters were in the waters, when a beautiful woman was seen by them falling from the sky. Then huge ducks gathered in council and resolved to meet this beautiful woman, and break the force of her fall. So they arose and with pinion overlapping pinion, unitedly received the dusky burden. Then the monsters of the deep met in council to decide which should hold this being and protect her from the terrors of the water. A turtle volunteered to endure the lasting weight upon his back. There she was gently placed, while he, constantly increasing in size, soon became a large island. Twin boys were after a time brought forth by the woman—one the spirit of good, who made all good things, and caused the maize, fruit and tobacco to grow, the other the spirit of evil, who created the weeds and all vermin.»*

A large number of enthusiastic writers on

this subject have declared that the early Americans had a knowledge of the Tower of Babel, that they were direct descendants of the builders of that tower, and after the confusion of tongues, they began their wanderings over the earth until they reached America. The ancient Chilians always declared that they came from some far-off country toward *the setting sun*.*

One thing is certain, many of the Indian tribes have retained a myth concerning some great flood in the history of the world. Where they got it, profane history cannot tell.

Another theory advanced to account for the settlement of the red-man in America is that this continent was peopled by the Chinese. We are told that a Chinese juggler with a number of followers was driven eastward across the Pacific by storms and landed in Mexico or where southern California is now. Arguments galore have been brought forth to support this theory. The most important is that the western Indians are closely related to the races living in and around the Arctic circle, and that these races have Mongolian blood. This we cannot doubt, but when we consider the fact that the northern tribes have always been able to come in contact with the Mongolian tribes of eastern Asia by way of the Behring Strait, it seems clear that in this way there has been a mixture of blood, but this has been no doubt pretty well confined to the tribes of the north. One has but to study a Sioux, a Bannock, or a Cherokee Indian to conclude that there is no resemblance in nature between a native American and a Mongolian. It is also true that many tribes in the northwest do resemble the Chinese in looks, but a good reason can be given for this. All are agreed that the Japanese often came to this continent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and many no doubt

*This is interesting, as we now suppose that Lehi with his family landed on the western coast of South America, about where Santiago is now.

* Publications of the Bureau of Ethnology.—J. W. Powell.

married the native women and thus left their impress on their children.

The idea that the Indians are of Egyptian origin is based on certain analogies between the architecture, hieroglyphics, and the methods of computing time, found among certain American races. This, however, is a subject which is rather too lengthy to be discussed here. Suffice it to say, this theory is not given the credit today that it was once. It may be true that many of the architectural designs of the Indians and Egyptians are analogous, and yet this would not prove their close relationship. It must be kept in mind that there are many customs, manners and thoughts common to all people at a certain state of civilization, and because of this fact many mistakes have been made in history in tracing the causes of events and relationships of peoples. Recent reports say that there is a vast difference between the hieroglyphics of the Indian tribes and those of the ancient people of the Nile. That the Indians are descended from the Egyptians, is a theory that but very few historians hold today. It is one of those many conjectures which the more we study the less we seem to know.

Another well worked-out theory was presented a few years ago by M. Warden, a Frenchman. He argues that the Phœnicians passed the Pillars of Hercules, and, reaching the Canary Islands, pursued their journey westward. There is no evidence, however, of any resemblance of institutions, manners and customs between them and the Americans. The Phœnicians were the great seafaring people a thousand years before the birth of our Savior. Their cities were Tyre and Sidon, which were the great commercial centers of that day. These people were no doubt a very brave and fearless race. We know that they went to ancient Britain and there got tin and salt. One Didorus Siculus relates that the Phœnicians discovered a large island in the Atlantic Ocean, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, several days' journey from the

coast of Africa. This island abounded in all sorts of wealth. The land was fertile, and abounded in rivers and streams and beautiful scenery. It entranced the discoverers, and, returning to their country, they gave glowing accounts of it. All this time Carthage was also a center of learning. Here was the great law-making body for that ancient city, and on learning the reports of the Phœnicians, they opposed their plan of colonizing the newly discovered island. Many writers have believed that this island was America, and yet we must discard the idea, for it, too, falls into the realm of myth. Yet who can doubt but that these ancients, as did many others, had some idea that lands lay far to the west toward the setting sun? Seneca* was no doubt inspired when he said:

«In the dim future yet shall come an age
When Ocean shall unloose us from his bonds;
And the vast earth lie open to the view;
When the sea, yielding, shall disclose new worlds,
And Thule be no more the last of lands.»

(Translated by Professor Lewis H. Morgan.)

The theory that has received as much study as any other is the one that the Indians have descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel. In the fourth book of Esdras we are told that these tribes were carried into captivity by Salmanassar, after which they separated from the other tribes and wandered into new regions unknown to man. They journeyed northeastward until they came to the straits of Anian (now Behring Strait) and there crossing to America, wandered southward into the present countries of Peru, Bolivia and Mexico. The advocates of this theory have advanced good arguments in favor of their view.

To one interested in Book of Mormon history this theory is a fascinating one. For it shows how hard man is trying to solve a problem about which he has only an inkling

* A famous Latin writer born about the time of Christ.

of knowledge; when a believer in our sacred book could get at the whole truth of the question in a minute.

We find that Mr. James Adair, an old Indian trader, is a warm supporter of this theory.* He says that the Indians are divided into tribes and clans as were the ancient Israelites. The Americans worshiped one «Great Beneficent Supreme Holy Spirit,» and were monotheists rather than polytheists. The Hebrew nation we know worshiped Jehovah, and had their prophets, high priests and other religious orders. The Indian ceremonies accord very nearly with the Mosaic institutions, which shows that they were not of heathen descent. Continuing, Adair says: «As the Jews had a sanctum sanctorum or most holy place, so have all the Indian nations. The dress also of their high priests is similar in character to that of the Hebrews. The Indian imitates the Israelite in his religious offerings. The Hebrews had various ablutions and anointings according to the Mosaic ritual, and all the Indian nations constantly observed similar customs from religious motives. * * * The Indian laws of uncleanness and purification, and also the abstaining from things deemed unclean are the same as those of the Hebrews. * * * The ceremonies performed by the Indians before going to war, such as purification and fasting, are similar to those of the Hebrew nation. The Israelites were fond of wearing beads and other ornaments, even as early as the patriarchal age, and in resemblance of these customs, the Indian females continually wear the same, believing it to be a preventive against many evils. The Indian manner of curing the sick is similar to that of the Jews. Like the Hebrews, they firmly believe that diseases and wounds are occasioned by divine anger, in proportion to some violation of the old beloved speech. The Hebrews carefully buried their dead, so on any acci-

dent they gathered their bones and laid them in the tombs of their forefathers: thus, all the numerous nations of Indians perform the like friendly office to every deceased person of their respective tribe.»

These points are extremely interesting, for they conform very well with teachings found in the Book of Mormon. The Mexicans and Peruvians have many traditions to this day of prophets and seers who came among them far in the past. Quetzalcoatl is a name that has come down to us in Mexican history. The bearer of it was an instructor in brotherly love and other Christian virtues. The Mexicans believed in the Trinity, and these with other reasons have led many to identify this Quetzalcoatl with the Messiah.

Of course we know that Christ did preach to the people on this continent and left His holy law, and it may not be improbable that this identification made by man is true.

Some archaeological remains, presumably Hebrew, have been found in America, but there is no proof that they were here before the time of Columbus.

One thing is certain concerning the Israelitish theory as to the origin of the Indian. Those scholars who have advanced it have hit on some facts that are true, but it is a theory, nevertheless, that will for many years to come baffle its supporters and advocates.

Some minor theories as to the coming of the native Americans besides these enumerated have been advanced. Among them may be mentioned the so called Welsh theory which gives the Indians a Celtic origin; and even some have traced them to the Northmen, who it is supposed, came to this continent about the year 1000 A. D. Neither of these has firm advocates at the present time. In fact all generally agree with Bancroft when he says: «No one at the present day can tell the origin of the Indians.»

Of course our knowledge as to their origin is infallible. The Indians, or Lamanites as we call them, are descendants of Laman, one of

Bancroft "Native Races."

the sons of Lehi, who came to this continent when Zedekiah was king of Judah. We know that they became a low and barbarous people as was predicted they would become when they lost the Gospel, which was taught them by Father Lehi. When the story of the Book of Mormon is accepted, the truth as to the origin of the Indians will be known to all men. Until this is done the question is to remain an extremely knotty one.

AS TO THE FUTURE OF THE INDIANS.

During the last few years the question as to whether or not the Indians are to live and to become a part of our civilization has been before the American people. Many reasons can be given why they are to remain on this continent and to take hold of our civilizing institutions. The question whether or not they are increasing in population comes in here.

As to the number of Indians in North America at the time of Columbus, many conjectures have been made. However, this is a question that possibly never will be solved. One thing is pretty certain, the number did not range in the millions as many writers have been prone to assert. One is justified in concluding this from many of the old Spanish writings that have been preserved to the present day. All the Spanish explorers of any note spoke of tribes and bands of red men. De Soto, Coronado and others noted two classes of Indians; those who lived in villages and those who lived a nomadic life. When the Five Nations, or Iroquois, were first seen by Englishmen, they were found to be gathered into family groups of twenty, forty, or larger households, all under one roof. They ate from the same family pot; they shared together the yield of the harvest and the hunt. One thing is certain from all reports. Their villages were not large nor were they numerous in New England. In southern Utah and New Mexico there are remains to this day of residences of chiefs and caciques which were surrounded

by humble abodes. "Some of their large buildings," says Major Powell, "held from five hundred to eight hundred families; but these villages and buildings were not extensively scattered, and comparatively speaking they were few."

In the history of Clark's journey to Oregon in the early part of this century, he tells us that he and his men would go for days without seeing a single red man. These facts go to show that no definite investigation was ever made as to the number of Indians in the present confines of the United States in early times; and then, too, there can be no doubt that there were large tracts of our country uninhabited by them; and never since Columbus was it ever thickly populated as some historians are prone to think. True, early explorers have passed their judgments as to number, but as they came on to the continent at different points, they naturally drew widely contrasted inferences on the subject, according to their contact with "swarms" of the natives on islands and mainland, or went long distances without seeing a single one. John Smith in his "History of Virginia" speaks of "hordes" of Indians. No doubt to him, as to all the settlers, there were "hordes," yet we question Smith's veracity, for almost in the same sentence, he tells us that the new country will produce three crops of corn in five months, and that Virginia produced pearls, copper and coral.

The island of Hayti, or San Domingo, has an area of about 30,000 square miles. When first discovered, La Casas said it had a population of 3,000,000 Indians. In 1508, one Panamonte by name put it at 70,000. The governor, Diego Columbus, decided on 40,000, and Albuquerque in 1514 estimated it at 14,000—enough to show the various opinions of early white men on the subject of Indian population.

It is impossible to give any definite estimate as to the number of Indians in the present confines of the United States in the early history of our country, down, in fact,

to about 1850. One thing we can feel certain about: that there was a vast number of them on this continent in 1500, although not to be counted in millions as some historians are prone to assert. We know, too, that up to a certain period of this century they were gradually and steadily wasting away and being exterminated by the whites; but that from this period they have been slowly increasing in population.

The villages of the Iroquois in New England and the villages found in New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah were not large, nor was the country thickly dotted with them. Far from it. In the west, the old explorers and pioneers, such as Fremont, Kit Carson, and Brigham Young, would often go for days without seeing villages of any sort. The Indians have always been of a warlike disposition, and have had a tendency to split into bands which became hostile to each other. Each tribe required a wide extent of territory, not only for its food supply, but for its safety. Then there are certain parts of the United States where the remains of Indians have never been found, and we may infer from this that such places were never inhabited. Among these may be mentioned the Great American desert, and the canyons and highlands of the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada, and the Appalachian Mountains. For various reasons, we are no doubt safe in concluding that the Indian population in the present confines of the United States at the time of Columbus was not over 500,000 souls if it was that. Since then almost up to the present time they have been decreasing in number. Many reasons are given for this. First, there has been a constant warfare among them as they have been pushed westward; secondly, warfare with the whites has resulted in the killing of many thousands; and thirdly, plagues and epidemical diseases have been frequent and wide in their visitations, and occasionally have effected an extermination of some tribes.

At the present time nearly all the Indians

have been gathered on to government reservations, and have settled down to a new life. This, also, has caused the loss of thousands because of the change of environment, and their new ways of living. Now that they are settled and becoming accustomed to a stationary life, and the methods, customs, and manners of civilization, the odds for their increase are in their favor. In fact, recent statistics show that there is an actual increase in Indian population.

It has been asserted by some that civilizing influences will result ultimately in destroying the Indians. This the writer cannot believe to be true. Experience is teaching us that the Indians are taking hold of civilizing influences every day. In the West they are making successful farmers. A settled condition creates a settled mind. Such land as that which makes up the greater part of the Winnebago and Omaha reservations will sustain a highly complex and varied agriculture. To these may be added the Uintah and Uncompahgre reservations in Utah, and the reservations of Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Indian Territory, the Dakotas and others. On these the products of the great middle zone can be profitably raised. The soil is rich and the climate all that can be desired. Corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, flax, hemp, and all our best grains and vegetables can flourish. In the light of these facts the Indians will no doubt increase in population from now on. Their children will be cared for, and the great mortality among the infants heretofore recorded will be much lessened. "From the blanket to civilized clothing; from paint to soap; from the war-club to the hoe, the Indian is disregarding his superstitions and dances, and is adopting forms of religious worship." In place of the chase, he tills the soil. Schools have been established among them. They are mingling with the civilized world. What better factors do we want for their increase? The government seems to have settled into the opinion that it is better

to feed the Indian than to fight him, and it is not half so costly. Surely their extermina-

tion cannot—if at all—be brought about for generations yet to come.*

Levi Edgar Young.



SHORT STORIES.

THE SNOW-BALL TREE.

BESSIE, what are we going to decorate Mama's grave with tomorrow?"

"I don't know, Lewis, unless you get some snow-balls from Aunt Lyde."

"All right, hurry and get your work done, and we will get everything ready so we can go over early in the morning."

The mother of these two children had been dead about three years, but they had not forgotten her, and always took great care to have her grave as nicely decorated as any of the others.

Aunt Lyde, as all the children called her, was alone in the world and gave most of her attention to her flowers and home. This snow-ball tree was the apple of her eye and it was with pleasure that she watched the flowers bloom one after another. She did not like to have them picked, but when the children would come and ask for them to put on the grave of some dear one, she could not refuse, and so every year on Decoration Day the tree had been stripped.

This year, however, she decided to keep them all and not allow anyone to pick them, so to avoid being troubled the next day, she put a sign on the gatepost:

"No snow-balls to spare."

The next day Aunt Lyde was very lonesome, as all took heed when they read the sign, and ventured no farther than the gate. Towards evening she became restless, and wished the flowers were all gone, when little Lewis put his face between the pickets and

"Aunt Lyde, just come and see the flowers Bessie and I gathered to put on Mama's grave. We came over to your house early this morning to get some snow-balls, but we saw these ugly letters on the gate, so we thought we would hurry and gather some dandelions and violets, 'cause we knew Mama would feel bad if she thought we had forgotten her. Come on, Auntie, and see them."

She walked slowly out, and while looking at the flowers, she could hardly keep back the tears to think how selfish she had been.

"Come, Lewis, and pick all the snow-balls you want. You are more worthy of them than I am."

The only true source of happiness is in making others happy. *Kady Colvin.*



RONALD LESLIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"RONALD Leslie's birthday," mused Dora, as she tripped away to the spring for fresh water to put on the table for dinner. "Let's see, he's twenty; no, he is twenty-one, three

* "It is the policy of Congress that the Indians shall become citizens of the United States upon renouncing their tribal relations. Depredations upon whites by Indians are compensated for out of annuities. To the Indian also has been extended the benefit of the homestead law, but the land so acquired cannot be alienated, without the consent of a United States judge, for twenty-five years. * * * There are also provided by the government, Indian courts and police. Supplies are distributed through agents appointed by the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington."—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

years older than myself. Good, kind Ronald, how much he has done for me! I wish I had something to give him for a birthday present; I've nothing that would do, only that beautiful, large silk handkerchief, and that—no—I could not part with it, it was father's!

Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she dipped up the water. Then a bright thought suggested itself. In the grass which bordered the tiny stream that flowed from the spring, were bright flowers; red, yellow, blue and white. She set down her bucket, saying to herself, «Yes, a neat bouquet is always suitable for any occasion, and Ronald has a refined taste. I can give him that, and it will please him. The water will not be wanted just yet; so I may as well stay and pick them now.»

Dora Arlington was the only child of doting parents, but had been left an orphan at the age of sixteen. Since that time she had made her home with Mrs. Howard, a friend of the family. She had seen a great deal of Ronald, who was Mrs. Howard's brother, since that time, and he was gaining a place in her heart that she dare not acknowledge to herself.

«Dinner is all ready, as soon as you men folks get washed,» said Mrs. Howard, as her husband and her brother entered the house.

«Let Ronald use the basin first,» said good-natured Mr. Howard, as his wife filled the wash-basin from a pitcher.

«No,» replied Ronald, «use it yourself; I'll go down to the spring where there is plenty of water.» And he walked away, but not very rapidly; he was thinking of Dora.

She was more coy than most of the girls in the place, and he was not at all sure of a favorable answer from her, if he proposed marriage to her. Yet, he had made up his mind what course to follow, and as he walked slowly along, he determined that, if possible, he would have a private interview with Dora and speak to her about their future.

What was his astonishment, when he looked up, at beholding the object of his mental

speculations standing beside the spring, with a bucket of water in one hand and a large bouquet of wild flowers and grasses in the other!

He stood still for a moment, breathless and almost bewildered. He soon recovered his self-composure, however, and stepped noiselessly forward.

Dora had set the bucket down and was rearranging some of the flowers, being so entirely occupied with them she did not notice Ronald approach, until his shadow fell across the water in front of her and he was close beside her.

She looked up quickly, smiled and extended her hand. «They are waiting for the water, aren't they?» she asked. «I am glad you came; it is your birthday, Mrs. Howard says, and I wanted to give you something, you've been kind to me so many times, so I've picked these flowers for you; not much of a present, but all I have to give you—»

«All! all you can give me, Dora?» exclaimed the young man eagerly. «I shall not be satisfied with that, I want you,—don't pull your hand away from me. I am in real earnest, I love you—oh, make me the dearest, best birthday present man ever received, give me your own self!»

It was all said, the wonderful love tale told in about one minute; without the least premeditation on the part of Ronald as to how it should be commenced.

At last she opened her lips, only to utter very faintly, «I—I can't.» Ronald dropped the hand he held, then stooped and drank, and turned to Dora and asked calmly and good naturedly, «As a friend, may I ask to whom and how soon?»

«Who—and when—what about?» stammered the girl in astonishment.

«Who is to be the fortunate receiver of the gift you cannot give to me, and when will he take possession of it?» asked Ronald, now smiling.

«I am not going to marry anyone, at any time, that I know of; if that's what you are

asking about," replied Dora very plainly and quickly. And she caught up the bucket and would have started up the hill with it, but Ronald detained her.

"You are not offended with me for loving you, are you?" he asked.

"I—no, I don't think I am," Dora answered.

"Well, then, if you have not promised to marry someone else, may I know why you cannot marry me? Is it because you don't like me?"

"No!" she said promptly. "I should be very ungrateful if I did not like you after all your kindness to me. Won't you take the flowers I have gathered to show my respect for you?"

"Not yet, I want to know first why I cannot have the other gift I have asked for."

There was a short pause, then he said, "Come, Dora, others have sought your happiness. Tell me if there is one to whom you have given your heart?"

"No one else has been so good to me, I don't like anyone else so—better," she said.

"Not even Paul Meredith?" he asked gravely.

"Paul has been good to me."

"I know it, and he wants to marry you. Now which are you going to choose? You may as well take me, if you think as much of me as anybody. Why not?"

There was no answer from the girl as she stood with her hazel eyes to the ground.

"There is no reason, then, that you can find, why you should not give yourself to me with those other flowers," said Ronald. "Come," he continued, opening his arms to her.

Dora did not move, but she allowed her wooer to place his strong arms around her, and draw her close to his quickly beating heart.

"They've been waiting for you ever so long, Uncle Ronald, aren't you coming to dinner?" called out Willie from the yard. "I am almost starving, and mother won't eat until you come."

Being so unceremoniously called back to earth they started for the house but not until Ronald had Dora's promise for an early marriage.

Anna Sumson.



A TRUANT FOR THE LAST TIME.

THERE was a low whistle just around the corner, and Rob choked his breakfast down, caught up his cap, and started for the door. As he fumbled with the latch, a voice seemed to speak to him from under his vest pocket.

"I wouldn't steal off like this," it said; "go back and ask your mother if you can go; and if she says no, brace up and go to school like a man."

"No, I just can't!" Bob argued, half aloud. "I do want to see that vessel launched. She is the biggest ship that was ever built at the port, and I've watched them work on her every day. Won't she go in with a dip, though? Mother doesn't know how boys feel. She would say, 'Oh! you had better go to school, Robby.' She wouldn't believe that I *must* see that launching. There come Jim Saunders and Tom Lee. Half the boys will be absent today."

"See here, boys, let's go down by the back road, so we can get there early and get a good seat on the wharf where we can see the whole thing."

Rob had other reasons for choosing the back road, but he said nothing of them.

"Guess we are early enough this time," said Tom Lee.

"There they come," cried Jim. "Look at the teams, will you. I say, Rob, there is your father and mother in that covered buggy!"

Rob moved uneasily behind a huge post. "Sun's in my eyes," he explained.

They reached the wharf, and soon a snap was heard and the crowd of spectators sprang back as the ship began to move, and, gathering headway, rushed faster and faster on to the water. Dipping deep at the stern, she

threw up a cloud of spray, then rose amid the cheering of the crowd, the whistling of tug-boats, and the ringing of bells.

This would have been a moment of keen delight to Rob, had not that uncomfortable throb, throb, taken the edge all off his pleasure.

He was sauntering along the wharf, with his eyes on the ground, when an exclamation from Tom Lee made him start and look up:

«Wonder who all those fellows are, going up the hill? Well, if there isn't the whole grammar school with the teacher in front! That's a joke! We boys might have come free, instead of playing truant and running the risk of paying for it.»

«Well, we got here just the same,» said Rob, trying to drown the voice which was just then whispering; «Don't you wish you were up there with the school, like the respectable boy you are, instead of sneaking along behind with these two fellows you're half ashamed to be seen with?»

«Rob, you look sick. What's the matter with you? Your father didn't see where you were.»

«No, he did not,» said Rob, bracing up; «but he saw where I was not, Jim Saunders. Don't you suppose he looked for me among those grammar school boys, where I ought to have been? I'm going back to school now, and the next time I prowl off in this way instead of attending to my business, it'll be—»

«At the next launching, eh?»

«No, sir! It will be when a sneak is thought more of than a gentleman.»

Emma Robins.



GRANDMA'S FIRE-PLACE.

LARGE and airy and bright with blazing logs, I remembered it was, when for a few minutes, tired out with the day's romp, I would sit before the fire, lost in the depths of an old arm-chair, and watching the flames chase one another up the chimney in a thousand strange and weird forms.

My youthful imaginations, excited by the old story of the «bad man,» would picture his ugly countenance grinning at me in the coals, and I would gaze at it until the flames turned blue, and I, kicking and sprawling on the tines of a pitch-fork, was held over them to roast by that same grinning monster. At length, choked by the fumes of burning sulphur, I would gasp and cry out in my torment. One vigorous shake by Grandma would, however, soon bring me back out of his clutches, and then, «Now it is time for you to go,» would send me scudding down the *middle* of the street for home.

More pleasant are the memories of the broad hearth with its accompanying associations of nuts and mashed fingers; the old-fashioned mantel-piece and clock; and most of all, the dear, old face of Grandma and the merry rattle of her knitting needles.

J. F. Day.



A CHINESE CITY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

SIX hundred years ago the southern part of China was the vast province of Manzi, containing twelve hundred rich cities, besides many towns and villages, all

governed by the Sung dynasty at the time when the Mongols conquered Cathay, or northern China from the Kin. The Manzi capital was Kinsay, on the banks of the

Tsien-tang river, sixty miles south of the well known port of Shanghai and 120 miles southeast of Nankin; that is to say, in latitude north 30 degrees, 21 minutes and longitude east 120 degrees 20 minutes.

The province of Manzi was taken in 1276 by the armies of Kublai Khan, emperor of China. The inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom were, about that time, so amiably disposed one to another that the northerners called those of the south «Sons of Barbarians,» and, in return, were named «Fools of the North.»

The famous traveler, Marco Polo, visited Kinsay and told his countrymen about it, but his testimony does not stand alone. His account was corroborated by Friar Odoric, who was in China about the year 1324; also by the archbishop of Soltania, who was there in 1330, and by John Marignolle, who went to that country in 1342. Marten Martini also bears out the famous Venetian, Polo, in all he said; his statements are furthermore made good by Chinese records, systematic, minute and consequent. A plan of another great city, Suchau, which has been called the «Paris of China,» was drawn with much perfection before the year 1000 A. D., and this plan was incised in 1247 on marble and preserved in a temple of Confucius in the city itself, sixty miles north of Kinsay.

Kinsay is translated as meaning «City of Heaven,» and it proved so attractive that foreigners used to say: «I have been to the City of Heaven, and my only desire is to return there as soon as possible.»

When Marco Polo declared the city had an area of 100 miles, he was not believed, but other travelers have affirmed that it probably was as extensive as that. Some Venetians who went there after Polo's visit to the place were reminded of their own city, owing to the numerous waterways. In a statement written by order of a queen of the realm, 12,000 stone bridges were said to exist in the city. This figure is supposed to have included all

arches. Many of the bridges were sufficiently high for a fleet of that period to pass beneath. Numerous bridges were a necessity, for the earliest records speak of that city as standing in and surrounded by water.

In the queen's document twelve guilds of the various crafts were mentioned, each guild having 12,000 houses occupied by workmen. It is recorded that all the men found constant employment through the continual exportation of their work. The merchants were numerous and rich, owing to great commercial activity with foreign and neighboring countries. After Kublai Khan became emperor of the Manzi province, paper money was common currency.

The majority of the buildings consisted of timber and were five stories high. Conflagrations being of frequent occurrence, each residence was provided with a stone tower wherein to store valuables. When a fire broke out an alarm was sounded from a lofty public tower and at once 2000 watchmen—each bridge being guarded all night by ten men—hastened to extinguish the flames and rescue property.

The streets were level and clean, paved with stone or brick, and provided with a perfect system of sewerage. The main street, 120 feet wide, extended from one end of the city to the other, crossing many bridges. At every fourth mile there was a vast square and market place, which was thronged three days in the week. An abundant and varied supply satisfied the most exacting taste, for the eatables were of the best quality and moderate in price. The market places were surrounded by high houses whose ground floors were used as shops. There were many saloons, too, for sale of beer and spirituous liquors.

The city had not less than 1600 houses, including tenements—each of these accommodating a dozen families. Palatial residences were numerous and handsome. Throughout the province every citizen had to record on the outer wall of his house, the number

of human beings and domestic animals dwelling within. Among a magnificent array of public edifices stood glittering pagodas, temples erected to the gods of literature, of wealth, and to many another deity. The provincial treasury, law courts, government offices, military headquarters, imperial granary, imperial silk factories, were all constructed in a way to beautify the city. In the hotels, spacious and handsome, each guest had to register his name. For the convenience of the public, enterprising business men provided 300 luxurious bathhouses, where patrons were waited upon by attendants of their own sex. Each swimming tank could accommodate a hundred persons.

On one side of the city was the river; on the opposite side a lake of fresh, clear water. The river water flowed through canals to all quarters of the great city, twice as big as London is now, and carried off all impurities to the lake, thence to the ocean; thus the atmosphere was always pure and fresh. The canals were wide enough for boats to convey supplies from place to place; while hundreds of wheeled vehicles rolled through the streets which were also crowded with pedestrians.

The people of Kinsay were not over-taxed in any way by their government; nevertheless the revenue from that city alone amounted to many millions of dollars. The highest duty on imported goods was 10 per cent, *ad valorem*, the general duty being $3\frac{1}{2}$. The lake already mentioned had a circuit of nearly thirty miles. On its borders stood fine palaces of the nobles. In the lake were two fertile picturesque islands, famous pleasure resorts, provided with magnificent hotels, each able to accommodate a hundred parties without one being disturbed by another. Marriage feasts and many others were held there, and everything was in fine style, "saucers, ladles and bowls of pure silver." Good features, light complexion and gaudy apparel were characteristics of the people of that province, and even today they are noticeable for their love of bright colors. In 1869 the silk fac-

stories of Hang-Chau, formerly Kinsay, employed 60,000 persons, while neighboring towns afforded work to 100,000 more.

In disposition the people were agreeable, and so peaceful that they entirely neglected the exercise of arms. There was no dissension among them. Business was transacted with absolute honesty and truthfulness. All persons treated each other with good will and disinterested kindness. Several travelers have emphasized the fact of the honesty of those people, and of their charity. The kings founded many hospitals, endowing them with revenues, and there all people unable to work found shelter. Foreigners were kindly entertained and aided in their business.

Upon the great lake boats and barges, some having paddle wheels, could be hired for excursions. These pleasure boats had banquet rooms, decorated with paintings, and through many windows the occupants enjoyed a lovely view of gardens sloping to the shores, and of fine palaces and temples.

The fore part of each day was devoted to business, the afternoon to pleasure on the water or in carriages that were curtained and cushioned, and ample enough to seat six persons. In these gay parties were conveyed to extensive public gardens, where they passed hours in pavilions, surrounded by attendants.

The culmination of luxury was found in the palaces of the Manzi emperor. These covered an area of ten miles, and were surrounded by a strong wall, within which were gardens, fountains, lakes and vast halls encrusted with gold, representing historical events, knights, dames and creatures of every form, the walls and ceilings glittering with precious metal. There were a thousand chambers decorated in gold and many gorgeous colors, while in large pavilions the lives of ancient kings were depicted. In one immense edifice 2,000 or 3,000 guests could sit at table, and there, at seasons sacred to their divinities, the monarchs entertained lords, dignitaries and manufacturers during

ten or twelve days. On these occasions each guest strove to outdo the rest in splendor of raiment and jewels. No description could convey an adequate idea of the magnificence of the royal private apartments nor the graces of the thousand beautiful maidens in attendance upon the royal consorts.

But excessive luxury brought to the people of Tutsing, the last Manzi king, its inevitable result. He knew nothing of war, and he neglected the affairs of state. Consequently his domains were seized by the great Khan. At that time high and low devoted themselves to fashion and pleasure.

The king gave all his time to social life and deeds of kindness, for his benevolence and charity were boundless. He could not bear to see children suffer. From his own purse he provided every year for several thousand boys and girls, orphans. He was a just man and no malefactors were found in the city where he resided. No one needed to close the doors of his house day or night. But, in spite of his many good qualities, Tutsing was debauched and effeminate. He died in 1274, and his capital fell into the power of Kublai Khan two years later.



SOME INCIDENTS OF OTHER DAYS.

A FEW weeks ago I was called upon to address a merry gathering of old, middle-aged and young people—the latter largely predominating—in the Cannon Ward meetinghouse in the outskirts of this city. It was a fine meeting, the only thing which detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the occasion being the address referred to. But this apart. What struck me with the greatest force was the circumstance that on that same ground some thirty years previously I had many times hunted ducks, snipe and anything else that was edible. I was a boy then, and the situation otherwise was vastly different from what it now is. Then there were no comfortable houses, fruitful orchards, splendid gardens, inviting lawns, grand shade trees nor highways of any kind—only sand mounds and sagebrush, with here and there a pool or morass and a fringing of willows along the banks of the sluggish Jordan. Verily time is a wonder-worker as well as destroyer!

Every time I look at one of the modern Nimrods going out duck-shooting, the picture of how that sport was carried on in the

earlier days arises before me like a dissolving panorama. Such a thing as a canvas suit with pants so constructed as to show the size and shape of one's legs, and pouch slung jauntily to one side in which to deposit the murdered innocents, may have been thought of by some of the more imaginative, but was assuredly never realized; in fact, it would have been a dangerous performance for anyone to have rigged himself out in that fashion and been seen walking through the streets, as much so as it would have been to wear a "plug" hat and white gloves. No, no; a pair of cowhide boots bronzed by the joint action of sun, soda and showers, with any kind of trousers one happened to be fortunate enough to possess and the lower part thrust into the aforesaid, a woollen shirt and a straw hat constituted the prevailing equipment, and a gunny sack was usually the receptacle of the game. There were no breech-loading shotguns, but only the kind that took some five minutes to get into condition for hostilities. By some means not presently remembered I had acquired an old "yager" which had been brought to Utah by John-

ston's army for the purpose of aiding in the emptying of the Federal treasury and incidentally keeping the Mormons in subjection and provisions. It (the gun, not the army nor the treasury) had a bore about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and its appetite for powder and shot was something awful. I used to put as much as my (then) little hand would hold of each into the yawning cavern and when the gun went off the safest place in the neighborhood was right in front of it. So long as the ducks or other objects aimed at kept motionless, they were measurably safe, but ever so slight a movement out of line placed them in immediate jeopardy. By such means I acquired something of a reputation as a very remarkable marksman and was entitled to it. After turning loose at a flock of geese, ducks or snipe and waiting for the partial dislocation of my shoulder to heal up, I would proceed to survey the situation, size up the damage done and convert as many of the victims as were in sight and reach to my own use. It would frequently happen that a large flock at which the most careful and deliberate aim was taken would escape entirely without injury, but this ceased to be discouraging after becoming acquainted with the weapon's peculiarities. After one of its explosions once, there was no sign of carnage at the place to which the yager's efforts had been directed, but some yards up the river a fine mallard had tumbled to rise no more in life, and still further down stream a couple of teal ducks were discovered in a state of imminent dissolution, while a redhead with a broken wing was vainly endeavoring to escape. What the casualties may have been across the river I had no means of finding out, as there was no bridge near by; but as there was a flock of snipe about a quarter of a mile off that were scattered along the margin of a pond, it was unreasonable to suppose that all of them escaped. The gun was made to carry bullets, which not being so distributive in their character were less to be dreaded;

but if a bullet from such a ruthless and indiscriminate destroyer had ever struck anyone, I should judge there would not have been enough of him left to hold an inquest on.

There was no buffalo hunting in those days, because there were no buffalos to hunt without going a great distance, and this would have been a sure thing on running up against something not desired—Indians, who were then always predatory and nearly always hostile; besides, Indian hunting is destitute of either fun or profit and quite too abundant of the element of danger.

We used to enjoy ourselves very much in those days. We were so unconventional and unrestrained in our pastimes that the full benefit of the indulgence was obtained from it. Nowadays, circumspection and affectation have squeezed so much of the pleasure out of our daily lives that but little more than a shadowy form is left. Even this little must be indulged in with a due regard for, what others might say or think regarding the performance. With many it has become a settled rule that anything that is really and truly pleasurable is likely to be correspondingly improper and therefore to be shunned, lest eventually the shams, frands and hypocrisies of «society» return to the desuetude out of which they sprang. Meantime, our self-denial, our refusal to be amused in a whole-souled way, our deliberate courting of things we do not enjoy as a matter of social duty, and so on, in some people's judgment, amount to so many deposits in the bank of Post Obit on which we can draw to our full satisfaction hereafter and have all the other good things which the undiscovered country contains. Alack-a-day, for the hours of callow unsuspecting youth when hilarity and honesty were not considered incompatible, and animal spirits bubbled forth so freely that the other kind were not thought of! Happy, hopeful days, unclouded by fear of the future and untinged by regrets for the past, gone to return no more in this sphere of action!

S. A. Kenner.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

CONDONING WRONG IS NOT TRUE CHARITY.

WHEN people begin to seek for excuses for crime or violence or evil-doing of any kind, or to palliate it, it is a sign of moral weakness and of a departure from the spirit of justice and rectitude which belongs to every healthy mind. Some people of easy consciences call this charity or generosity. It ought to be unnecessary to say that in such cases these terms are not properly applied. It is of course possible for people who want to be really charitable and generous to go too far and to act unwisely; but if their motives and desires are good, their mistake can be called no worse than an error of judgment—it is a mistake of the heart only. Different it is, however, when that which is actually wrong is overlooked or condoned: he who does this becomes himself an apologist for, if not in some cases a participant in, the wrong.

Now, as Latter-day Saints we are called upon to forgive one another and all men—even those who may spitefully use us. We ought to bring our minds under such control as to be able to do this. But we can forgive an injury without forgetting it. We are not commanded to forget our wrongs. Indeed it is from the remembrance of them that we sometimes draw the most useful lessons in faith, humility and gratitude to our Heavenly Father. And under no circumstances are we required to hunt up weak excuses for the wrongs which we have endured, to the extent of apologizing for those who perpetrated them. We have enough to do to bear our own burdens and to make restitution and get forgiveness for the wrongs we ourselves have committed or the provocation we may have given. We need not, in the goodness of our hearts, go to manufacturing extenuating circumstances for those who have injured us cruelly and maliciously, except perhaps to admit that if they were in

darkness they did not know what they were doing.

The foregoing reflections have been suggested by hearing of an argument recently made before one of our associations by a young Elder, in which he labored to show that the persecutions of the Saints in Missouri they brought largely upon themselves, and that the Missourians were quite justifiable, at least he justified them, under the circumstances in which they were placed. He stated that our people were probably abolitionists, at any rate they were believed to be by their neighbors, for the latter made that issue the main ground of their hostility; and with their training and belief and interest in that question, they could not be blamed much for what they did—anybody else would have done the same.

We do not pretend to give his language. He may have qualified and modified his conclusions to an extent which was not made plain to our informant. We would not do him an injustice by misquoting him; but we have ourselves heard young men among us indulge in language so similar that our present remarks may be considered less with reference to the incident above than to the principle of the thing. So that what he actually said does not matter a great deal.

Perhaps some of our people acted and spoke unwisely in Missouri; perhaps some of them held and uttered anti-slavery views. It is not necessary here to go into those matters in detail. It is a fact, however, that the Saints were not abolitionists in the sense in which the term was then understood—and many of them had taken no position on the subject at all; and it is also a fact that as a community they were law-abiding and wanted to live in peace. Probably there were unwise things said and done at Nauvoo—it would be strange if it were not so. But it is a fact that in that city was an almost model community so far as thrift and orderly behavior

were concerned. There was, it is true, a belief in and practice of a new and unpopular religion. There was also union among the people and the harmony and success which union brings. Great crimes these, were they not!

There were drivings and burnings and mobbings and murders committed against the Saints. Shall we deny this? Can we forget it? Can we justify it, even if the worst that can be said about the Saints were true—which it is not? We would be untrue to our parentage, untrue to ourselves, untrue to our faith, and untrue to our God, if we did! History lives, truth will prevail, and God will judge justly! The atrocities practiced against us were such as should cause a blush to mantle the cheek of every freeman! There was barbarity unworthy of men calling themselves civilized, much less Christian! There was suffering strained to the point of human endurance, and often beyond it! Is there excuse or apology for it? The fair-minded in the world themselves do not pretend to find it. Shall we, in whose hearts the recital burns with a glow sanctified by the beloved blood which there was shed?

Heaven forbid! We perpetuate in glorious memory the sufferings and the wrongs endured by the patriot sires of our nation. There were apologists in those days also, but they have never been popular. Shall we not

also remember the martyrs of the Church? The apologist for wrong against humanity never ought to be popular, and he never is for very long. Offenses must come, but woe to him by whom they come. Persecution has ever been the portion of the Church, but the forewarning of it is not a justification of it, nor is endurance of it a signal that it must at once be blotted out from remembrance. We learn by the experiences of the past, the bitter as well as the sweet. We gain strength for trials ahead by remembering trials behind. We learn to love freedom and justice by recalling when and by whom these blessings were withheld. And we are poor, miserable creatures if we weakly overlook, and lack the courage to condemn, outrages committed against an unpopular and a weak people.

We repeat what we said in the beginning. Our duty is to forgive—yea, seven times and seventy times seven. Our remembrance of injuries sustained should not be coupled with vindictiveness or revenge. In contemplating the wrong done by others let us be warned against wrong ourselves. Let us not magnify evil, lest we, too, be judged harshly. True charity, the kind the Apostle speaks of so beautifully, should be our aim and object. This will not make us maudlin or sentimental apologists for wrong in any form or from any quarter whatsoever.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE MAKING OF CRIMINALS AND A SURE WAY OF PREVENTING IT.

A CASE was lately brought to the notice of some of the authorities of Salt Lake County which furnishes a text for a small sermon.

It appears that a boy of about eleven

years has been turned out of doors by his married sister and her husband, residing in one of the suburbs of this city, and has become a waif, a wanderer and a charge upon the people of the neighborhood. His mother is dead, and his father lives in another State, several hundred miles from here. So the boy could not go to his father, even if the

latter would be willing to receive him; and this is not very likely, judging by what is known concerning his conduct toward his other children. It is perhaps needless to say that the family do not belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and I hope that against no member of that Church could such a charge as this be truthfully brought.

The boy is said by his unfeeling relatives here to be lazy and disobedient, and the neighbors who one after another have had, out of pity, to take him in and give him food and shelter, find that he is not always truthful, though he appears grateful. He puts up with his hard lot without manifesting much feeling, for he no doubt misses many a meal and spends many a night in some one's barn when it so happens that nobody has remembered to invite him into the house. Like a little outcast he roams about the neighborhood, staying for a time with any one who offers him a bite and shelter, or who gives him a kind word. Just now a poor but motherly neighbor has found a place for him with one of her relatives out in the country, and he has gone there, where he will enter a good home, and perhaps be legally adopted into the family.

Such instances as this are no doubt familiar to those who have lived in, or have read of life in, the great cities of the world. They are happily not common in our community, and are almost unheard of, as they ought to be, among the Latter-day Saints. The Gospel has made at least this much plain to those who have received it: that parents cannot escape responsibility for the care and nurture and training of their children. What if this boy, of whom mention is made above, is unruly and wayward; would that excuse his family, if they were Latter-day Saints, in turning him adrift to become worse? By no means; and if they did it, they would promptly find themselves dealt with according to Church discipline and methods. Indeed, such treatment is not jus-

tified or excused by any right-minded people anywhere. Among us, however, where the eternity of the family relationship is understood, and where the great value of a human soul is recognized, there are especial and numerous reasons why the love and care of parents for children is more deep in and more near to the hearts of the parents than among others where only the natural affection exists. No father in this Church can neglect his children—either their spiritual or their physical welfare—and escape great condemnation. And in a like degree every member of the family is in duty bound to take a lively and earnest interest in every other member. It is a great measure of light which the Lord has imparted to us, and He will in no wise overlook the duty which He requires of us.

Both parents and children are greatly blessed, therefore, in the knowledge and the conditions which accompany the Gospel; and families ought to be grateful beyond expression that such sorrowful and pathetic cases as one may read of any day in the current periodicals showing cruelty and inhumanity toward children, find no repetition in Zion.

A great deal is said now-a-days about heredity: that is, the passing from parents to children of either strength or power, vigor or weakness, health or disease, as the case may be. There is no doubt much truth in the theory: for «like begets like» in nature everywhere, and any general departure from the rule must be brought about by artificial means or by training. An interesting comparison was made in an educational journal recently between the descendants of two families of early American times. The head of one of these families seemed to be a natural criminal. His instincts were coarse, his manner cruel, his course of life evil and depraved. He figured as one of the first jailbirds in the colonial records and he was a great trouble to his neighborhood. The head of the other of these families was a

man noted for his piety, his scholarship and his general worth. His name was always mentioned with respect, and all who knew him were proud of his acquaintance. The descendants of these two men have been traced down to the present day, for both of them had families, and their posterity show a remarkable equality in numbers. The statistics are not at hand just now, but I recall that they bore every indication of having been laboriously and accurately gathered. A surprising number of the first man's descendants have been inmates of reformatories, houses of correction and prisons. Vice and wickedness seemed to be their element, and they lived in its atmosphere. Their genealogy seemed to be one continuous record of crime, this manifesting itself in every generation and in every branch of the family. The descendants of the other man comprise a larger number of college graduates and leading and learned men than any other family in America has contributed. They have been patriots all, furnishing a host of statesmen, scholars, ministers, authors, and men and women of the highest type in life.

Certainly this comparison is fruitful of thought and suggestive as to one of the social problems of the day. The influence and surroundings under which the children in the different families grew up undoubtedly had an inestimable effect upon their later lives. Heredity is not alone responsible for the fact that in one family nearly every member loved vice and crime, while in the other family nearly every member loved the good, the true and the beautiful. Children's natures and even adult natures are immensely affected, if not indeed made, by their circumstances—by their "environment," as the scientists call it. Where purity is enjoined and prized and sought after, more of it will be found than where it is despised. Where

vice is looked upon with horror, and children are taught to shun it as a hideous thing, it will claim fewer victims than where it is familiar. Where strict watch and care are kept over the lives of the young, to see that their associations are good, their instructions are wholesome, and the examples set before them are worthy, better men and women will grow up—there will be more good citizens and fewer criminals.

This is the solution of the problem as the Latter-day Saints see it and are working it out. They have no patience with any neglect of the little ones, for the well-doing of their children constitutes their crown of jewels, more precious than any other thing. Happy are they, and should they be, that their light is sufficient and their circumstances are so favorable in the home to which the Lord has led them!



SUNDAY SCHOOL FUNDS OBTAINED FROM DANCES.

The question is asked us, «Is it proper to get up dances to obtain means for the Sunday School?»

There is no impropriety in getting up dances for this purpose, if the dances are conducted in keeping with the methods and spirit of the Sunday School work. There is no reason why dances cannot be arranged in such a way as to furnish innocent and pleasant amusement, as well as recreation to those engaged in them. They should be opened and closed with prayer, and no impropriety of language or conduct should be permitted. They should also be closed in good time. If dances are not conducted in this manner they should not have the sanction of the Sunday School.

The Editor.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

CLINTON, UTAH, NOV. 4, 1900.

To the readers of the Juvenile.

It soon will be Thanksgiving. How many of you, my dear readers, have a special cause to rejoice and be thankful for something in the past? The writer has many, but one in particular.

My mind reverts back a few years when I had a little sick girl on Thanksgiving, who was not expected to live. She was fighting for breath, and to live seemed impossible. Yet from the very beginning she had faith that she would live, and what made her so firm about it was that she in the dreariness of those long nights of affliction had a vision. A personage appeared to her, clothed in white, standing as it seemed in the air; and he brought to her bedside such peace and joy as none can describe or express. This made her say within herself, «I know I am going to get well.»

This little girl was what you would call an invalid for two years, notwithstanding she was prayed for constantly by relatives and friends, and she saw the good of prayer. Many times was she relieved of pain instantly by her own prayers and also by the prayers of the Elders of the Church. One day she said: «Ma, how I wish I could go to the temple! I know I should get well.» And she prayed earnestly that she might go. One day a sister by the name of Hjorth, who now lives in Fairview, heard of it and sent word that she was going to the temple and would be glad to take the child with her without expense—for us just to prepare her clothes and send her to her. In a few hours she was off, for it so happened that her clothes were in readiness. She was gone ten days and our family fasted and prayed for her the day we thought she would be in the temple, and the little boys expected to see their sister healed instantly.

But God saw fit for us to wait yet a little

longer. She came home rejoicing and telling how she cried when she was blessed, though she couldn't tell why she was crying. She said, «Ma, there was the sweetest feeling there! How earnestly they prayed, and they promised me I should get well! If I could always feel like I did there, I would not care if I had only a crust to eat.»

This was in the Manti Temple. When she came home she brought a large bottle of oil with her and worried much for fear it would not last till she got well, for she thought she couldn't get any as good as that. But she got well in six weeks, had some of the oil left, and is now strong and healthy. She has worked and has earned her mother a new dress for this Thanksgiving, which caused her to shed tears of joy, and to feel to thank God for the blessings He bestowed upon her child.

S. Drollinger.



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

We have been living in far-off Oregon for eleven years but I was born in Utah. I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE, so thought I would write one. I go to Sunday School and Primary. There are not many Latter-day Saints out here, but we have good times at Sunday School and Primary. I have four brothers and one sister. Wishing the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR success,

WAYNE SHURTLIFF. Aged 12.



REXBURG, IDAHO.

It is my grandma's birthday; she is seventy-three years old today (November 1st). I wish she was home, for we would have a good time; but she is down to Mendon, at Aunt

Becky's. I have a little baby sister; her name is Mary. She is one year old and can play "pat a cake." My mama wrote a little prayer for me and my other little sister to learn. When we learn it we will take turns in family prayer night and morning.

This is my first letter.

GLADYS BASSETT. Aged 6.



BASALT, IDAHO.

I thought my dear friends who read the little letters in the JUVENILE might like to hear from a little girl in Idaho. I have two sisters—one is married, and my little sister, Alice, is seven years old; we both go to school. I have six brothers. The oldest one is on a mission. He has been gone two years next month. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary.

MINNIE HESS. Aged 10.



WEST PORTAGE.

I am a little Mormon. My papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I like to read the little letters. My home is in the northern part of Utah. I have four sisters living and four brothers. My name is Vina Harris; I am eight years old. I was baptized on my birthday. I go to Sunday School and I like my teacher very much.



COYOTE, UTAH.

I will write a few lines as I have never written to the JUVENILE. I was eight years old the seventeenth of September, and was baptized the twenty-ninth. I go to Sunday School and have good, kind teachers. One of my teachers got her arm thrown out of

place, and I feel bad, for she will not be able to attend Sunday School for awhile. I love to go to Primary. Will close for this time.

Your little friend,

LUESA G. ROWAN.



MARKET LAKE, IDAHO.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I have read with interest the letters from the little girls and boys. I have five sisters and one baby brother; he is thirteen months old. We haven't a Sunday School or meetinghouse here because there are no Mormons here but ourselves, but we have a good district school here, for a nine months' term. I am in the sixth grade. We are going to move to Independence, Idaho, so we can go to meeting and Sunday School. Mama and Papa say that they can't live happy away from the sisters and brothers any longer. This is the first time I have ever written to any paper, and I would like to see how it looks when printed.

Your little friend,

ANNIE LARSON. Aged 13.



FILLMORE, UTAH.

I have heard Mama read letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR from the children, and I thought that I would like to write one, too. My little brother was sick and Papa administered to him and he is nearly well now. I like to go to Sunday School. My Papa baptized me the day that I was eight years old.

MARCELLUS WEBB. Aged 9.



CHESTERFIELD, IDAHO.

I take much pleasure in reading the letters. I go to school and I am in the fourth reader.

I go to Primary, and I like it very much. I am assistant secretary of the Primary. I have two sisters and one brother. I go to Sunday School. My uncle is my Sunday School teacher. My father is on a mission. My grandfather died on a mission. Our baby died with the measles last summer.

I guess I will close for this time as this is the first time.

Your friend,

ARNOLD B. CALL. Aged 11.



HEBER, UTAH.

I take great pleasure in reading the JUVENILE. I will tell you of a great thunderstorm that happened when I was eight years old. After it had been raining a long time a large flash of lightning came and struck our barn, which set it on fire. My sister and I knelt down and prayed to the Lord that He

might cause that the fire should be put out. And my pa and some more men carried water from the well and when we arose the fire was out. I felt that the Lord had answered our prayer.

ANNIE McMULLIN. Aged 9.



CONOR, IDAHO.

When I was five years old I was very sick with typhoid-pneumonia. The doctor said that I wouldn't live until morning, but the Elders promised in their blessings that I should live. I felt thankful to my Heavenly Father for His goodness toward me. I do not have the privilege of attending Sunday School and Primary as often as I would like to because I have so far to go. I will close, as this is my first letter.

NELLIE UDY. Aged 12.



DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

CHANGES IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Clarence Garner has been sustained as superintendent of the Afton, Star Valley Stake, Sunday School, with Arthur F. Burton and Carl Cook as his assistants.

The Panguitch Stake Sunday School authorities are now as follows: Alma Barney, superintendent; William Cameron, first, and Joseph O. Prince, second assistants; Mamie Miller, treasurer; Matilda Bell, librarian, and John C. Houston, secretary. Stake aids: George Anderson and Thomas R. Cope.

E. H. Holt has been appointed superintendent of the Provo Third ward, Utah stake, Sunday School, with Wm. P. Silver and Wm. P. Clayton as his assistants.



THE JUBILEE SUNDAY SCHOOL HISTORY.

The Jubilee Sunday School History is now completed. It is embellished with nine plates of illustrations. This is a larger number than at first contemplated, but it will add materially to the value and interest of the work. In order that the book might not be too ponderous and expensive, it was found necessary by the committee on its preparation to limit the mention of the workers in the schools to the superintendents, assistant superintendents and secretaries, besides making mention of those who have been engaged in the Sunday School work for periods varying from twenty-five to forty-five years. With this limitation the committee find the work is larger than contemplated.

Anticipating however the justice and desirability of making mention of assistant secretaries, librarians, assistant librarians, choir leaders, teachers and other faithful and efficient Sunday School laborers, the committee have provided for the insertion of sixteen ruled pages in the History, whereon the historical record of such persons may be inscribed.

In like manner these pages can be used by each individual, named or unnamed in the work, to enter their names and amplify their own Sunday School record, thus affording their children or friends a history the limits of the printed work, however desirable, would not permit.



DEAF-MUTE SUNDAY SCHOOL CORRESPONDENTS.

At the time of the adjournment of the Deaf-mute Sunday School for the summer vacation, May 27th, a request was made that they each, about August 1st, write a letter to Assistant Superintendent Laron Pratt. Compliance with this request was made by the following: Amy Devine, Lillie Swift, Elgin Jacobson, Ole Pettit, Ada Davis, Emma Lambert, Rob Hicks, Peter Slot, Harry White, John Alvey, Lizzie Eggington, Irene Eggington, Alex. Wright and Pearl Wright.

We herewith publish the one written by Sister Lillie Swift.

OGDEN, UTAH, Aug. 1st, 1900.

Mr. Laron Pratt,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR TEACHER AND FRIEND:—Remembering the promise I made to you to write by the first of this month and tell what I have been doing during vacation, I have the pleasure to pen a few lines to you tonight, although it is very warm. * * *

Well, it seems a long time since our Sunday School closed for the summer, and I am not a little anxious to have it open again in the fall. You no doubt know that I enjoyed myself extremely at the school and regret that I shall not be there again for a long time.

I have been working at the school ever since it closed, but having been recommended for admittance to Gallaudet College, will soon be bound for home to get ready for the college year that I shall spend in Washington, D. C. As it is lonesome here

on Sundays, I made up my mind to go to Sunday School in the Fourth Ward, Ogden. This I did with Amy Devine, who is working here too, on the seventeenth of June, and have been going there ever since. The first Sunday we went there we joined the class of the second theological department under the instruction of Elder F. Chambers and his brother, and Elder Wright. Our first lesson commenced in the book of Ezra, in which we learned of the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem during the reign of Cyrus, king of Persia. Beginning with the book of Ezra, we continued the study of the succeeding books until now we have the book of Job for next Sunday's lesson. Thus far, we have taken for our lessons the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther and Job. They are interesting, and I learned how the Jews or the children of Israel were brought back to Jerusalem from Babylonia where they had been held captives for seventy years, also what kind of a man Ezra was; how the Jews were delivered from peril by Queen Esther's request to King Ahasuerus. Each Sunday before taking our lessons in the school we repeated the Articles of Faith, and the Supplement, in which are the names of the heads of the Church, and the way it is organized. I could not go to Sunday School regularly and missed three Sundays there. Nevertheless I enjoyed myself, but not as much as I would, had they instructed me in the same way as required by the Board in the June issue of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Permit me to say that I enjoyed myself here very much, being at Glenwood Park on the Fourth, once at Waterfall Canyon, and out to Pleasant View on the Twenty-fourth, or Pioneer Day.

Well, I think that I have told you all that I did this summer—one more thing is that I went to a «raspberry and ice cream festival» at the Fourth Ward Sunday School for its benefit. Now I close my letter, hoping that the other members of the Sunday School for the deaf are keeping their promises to write to you.

Trusting that you will forgive me for the mistakes I have made in this letter, I have the pleasure to remain,

Your sincere friend,

Lillie Swift.

«God bless and be with you until we meet again.»



«TRY IT, BOB, IT'S FINE, AND DON'T COST A CENT.»

A young man, the son of most worthy Latter-day Saint father and mother, who, heedless of the entreaties and admonitions of his parents and the teachings of the servants of God, had acquired the habit of indulging in intoxicating drink, and the use of tobacco, tea and coffee, wrote to a companion named Robert of like parentage and addicted to like habits. In his letter he mentioned his abandonment of the use of the forbidden articles, and the great satisfaction experienced by him in the discontinuance of their use and wound up by saying, «Try it, Bob, it's fine, and don't cost a cent.»

To all negligent of Gospel temperance we say, *Try it, friends, it's fine and don't cost a cent!*



PRESENTATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD'S GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS TO OFFICERS AND TEACHERS.

At the meeting of the Sunday School Union Board held Thursday, July 26, 1900, Elder William B. Dougall moved «that it be considered advisable that all general instructions issued by this board, and published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR semi-monthly, be read at each monthly teachers' meeting by the superintendent or secretary of each Sunday School, and such instructions be clearly and fully explained before the teachers present, as may be necessary.» Carried unanimously. It is suggested that this be done at number seven of «Suggestive program for Teachers' Meetings.» See Latter-day Saints' Sunday School Treatise, page 21.

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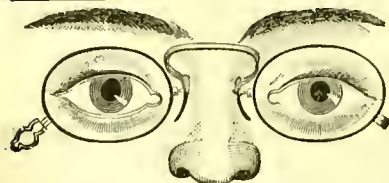
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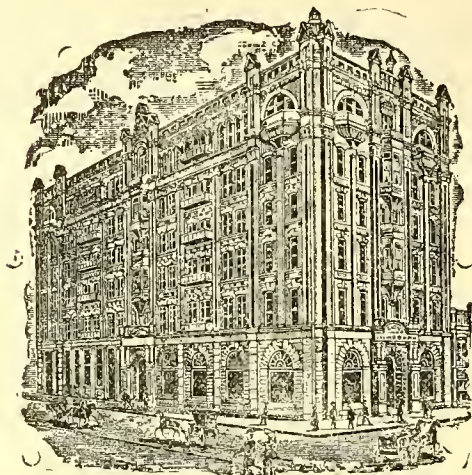
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TABLE.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:21 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantl, Belknap, and intermediate points	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	1:00 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the West	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	12:45 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl, intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	8:10 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City	5:45 p. m.

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The prize in the last issue was won by George Parry, 604 West South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, the correct answer was "Save Your Money" which is in Zion's Savings Bank Advertisement. As many correct answers were sent in we have decided to make three prizes instead of one.

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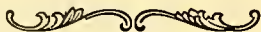
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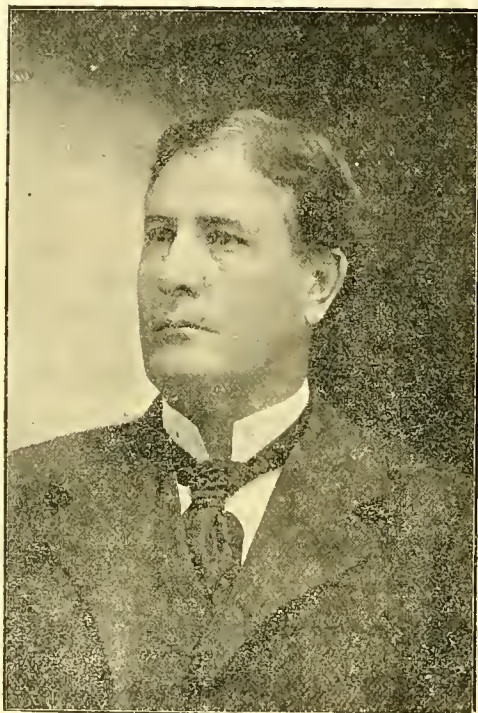
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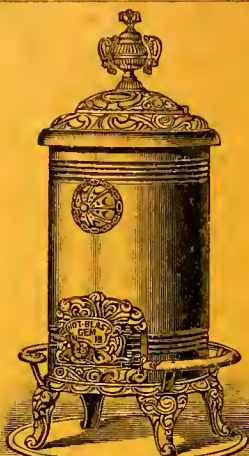
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